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SPRING, 1899.

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# Pears

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of soap that depends on something outside of it.

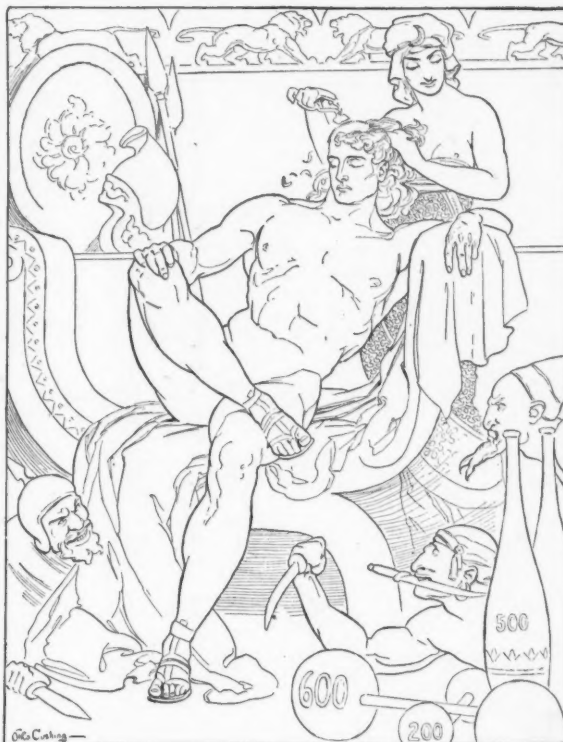
Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented, not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

# LIFE.



ADAM AND EVE.  
"And the woman tempted me."



SAMSON AND DELILAH.  
"And his strength went from him."—Judges xvi., 19.

## The Music Lover.



I LOVE to go to the opera-house  
And sit in a downstairs seat,  
And list to the voice of a tenor mixed  
With the hum of the busy street.

I love to see bright Lohengrin  
Come sailing along the flat  
In an open clamshell, drawn along

By a fine big theatre hat.

I love to see Mephistopheles  
Shut up in a pillar-case,  
And sing till the church is shaken to  
The depths of its canvas base.

I love to list to the honeyed tones  
That come from sopranos' throats,

Well knowing I've paid for my ticket and  
Don't have to meet their notes.  
But best of all the things I know  
In music—I must speak free—



"BRINGING THINGS TO A HEAD."

Is when some girl in a grand-tier box  
Smiles pleasantly down at me.

Van Dyke may have a frog in his throat,  
De Reske a plugged-up Bronx,  
And Eames may sing as hoarse,  
indeed,  
As the honkiest goose that honks.

If I get that smile from the girl up-  
stairs  
I'm happy, whatever may hap;  
For it makes all others along my aisle  
Think I'm a deuce of a chap!

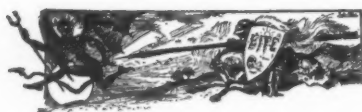
Carlyle Smith.

PUBLISHER: Can you turn out  
another book in three weeks?

AUTHOR: Why so soon?

"It will never do to let the public  
forget you."





"While there is life there's hope."

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**MR. CROKER** has come out in favor of expansion. That is good. We need his help. In the statement of his position furnished to the newspapers, he says:

If the great country west of the Rocky Mountains were filled with wild Indians at the present moment, how long would it take us to suppress them and make them respect our laws and Constitution? The same thing applies to the Philippines. It is an insult to the American people and to our flag to suggest that we abandon the peoples we have released from bondage.

The inference is that, in Mr. Croker's opinion, we should make it our immediate business to instill into the Filipinos respect for our laws and Constitution by processes analogous to those we have found effective in our dealings with the Indians. That is, we should thrash them promptly and thoroughly, if necessary, and perhaps pen them up in reservations under military guard. Mr. Croker evidently recognizes the possibilities of the situation and has a stomach equal to it. Very many of us are more squeamish, and need the support of his firm example. We hate like anything to thrash the Filipinos, especially as we have to go so far to do it, and there seems so little in it for us when the job is done. But, as Mr. Croker correctly states, "it is insulting to suggest that we should abandon a people that we have released from bondage." He feels that we must stick to them, whether there is a profit in it or not. "It is too great a question," he says, "to be considered as a mere matter of dollars and cents. Our people want their rights protected; they will not figure on the cost." To be sure.

What account shall we make of money when our rights are at stake! Our rights? Yes, indeed, the rights of the Filipinos. We took them away from Spain, and their rights are ours now, and if anyone tries to get them away from us something will drop.



**AGAIN** Mr. Croker says:

Our country teems with young men full of life, hope and ambition. Why not give these young men a chance to develop our newly acquired possessions? I say by all means hold on to all that rightfully belongs to us. . . . . When the question is brought to an issue our people will rise as one man and demand expansion as a sacred right.

He is the only man who has had the courage to group all the reasons for expansion in one brief and comprehensive discourse. The usual way has been to spread them out and keep them separate. To the common mind there is an appearance of conflict between the ideas of sticking to the people we have freed and that of resubjugating them, and using the country they live in for the possible benefit of our likely young men. Most arguers, accordingly, have used the duty-to-the-liberated argument on Mondays and Thursdays, and the chance-for-our-young-men argument on Tuesdays and Fridays, laying stress on Wednesdays and Saturdays on the difficulties of the situation and the probability that if we don't act someone else will. But Mr. Croker blends all considerations, and his mixture is bound to do the business for anyone who can keep it down.

As for those whose insides are inclined to be restless, they must go on feebly hoping that the Filipinos will be reasonable and welcome the assistance and authority of Mr. Croker's young friends, or else, if our liberated friends insist on being allowed to run that part of our country which they inhabit, that means will be found to give them the fullest opportunity for governmental experiment that their apparent capacity may seem to warrant.



**THERE** are rumors of friction between General Wood at Santiago and General Brooke at Havana over

certain details of administration in Cuba. General Brooke is head Governor, and, as such, doubtless has some degree of authority over the other military Governors. He is a Major-General of the regular army, and has a high reputation as a soldier. He also seems to have some renown as a person with a gift for rubbing folks the wrong way. The general public does not know General Brooke as intimately as it hopes to know him, but it would regret to see him commended to its special attention as the man who had the row with General Wood. General Wood, by all accounts, is one of the best-tempered and most efficient and worthy men the late war brought out. If he and General Brooke don't hit it off, it is impossible that the general public should not wonder what ails General Brooke.



**A**N Havana newspaper assumes to believe that it knows who blew up the *Maine*, and gives out that it is on the trail of the criminal and hopes to make apparent his connection with his crime. Havana newspapers, like newspapers elsewhere, may overestimate the value of what they profess to know, and be oversanguine about proving what they wish to disclose; but the persons who blew up the *Maine* are still in request, and anyone who is really prepared to show them up can have the choice of position and type for his news in every daily paper in this country.



**GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT** has found, and at this writing still finds, extreme difficulty in refilling the office of Superintendent of Public Works. The trouble seems to be that the Governor wants a first-rate engineer to take a two years' job at a salary of six thousand dollars a year. No wonder he is having trouble. Uncle Sam can get good engineers for little money, because he educates them and insures them steady employment. The State of New York should do one of two things: either maintain a State engineer corps like Uncle Sam's, or else arrange to pay the market price for the work it requires.





"HELL IS PAVED WITH GOOD INTENTIONS."  
HIS MAJESTY GIVES A NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION AS A RETURN COURTESY TO THOSE OF HIS GUESTS WHO HAVE ASSISTED HIM IN THE STREET DEPARTMENT.

## To New York.

(BY AN EXILE.)



NEW YORK, I miss thee! There's no joy  
Nor happiness about me!  
New York, thou art life's best alloy,  
'Tis hard to do without thee.

What's going on in Broadway town  
Is all that's worth revealing.  
I'd give—well, more than half a crown  
To have that nervous feeling.

Corrupt thou art—yet out of reach!  
To dwell in thee (so pitied!)  
I'd listen to the driest speech  
The Lotus Club permitted.

To feel thy Elevated's crush,  
With bones by practice rounded—  
To wade once more thy streets of slush  
Would be a joy unbounded.

Ah! Could I breathe thy humid air,  
So far from antiseptic!  
Could I but read thy bills of fare  
And be once more dyspeptic!

New York, I miss thee! Keen the pain  
To absence thou art giving.  
Would I might be with thee again,  
Beyond my income living!

Tom Masson.

The World as Seen by a  
Subtile Telegrapher.

HENRY JAMES is enamored of a new word—which is the nearest to a display of emotion that he permits himself in his latest story, "In the Cage" (H.S. Stone & Co.). If he can lead through several pages of subtile analysis up to a sentence which can be split into two unrelated parts with the word "precisely," Mr. James seems to have attained the utmost felicity which is granted to a verbal aristocrat who has only a bowing acquaintance with many quite respectable words. There is something almost finicky in the manner of parading this delicate adverb through his most admirable paragraphs. When he has spun intangible spider-webs of thought to the breaking point, he suddenly decides, at any rate, to pin one end of the gossamer to reality with "precisely." "You may have a vague idea of what I am driving at, dear reader," he seems to be saying, "but I see it all—precisely!"

One good specimen will suffice to show Mr. James's use of the word: "They had found that, in consequence of something they had come, precisely, to make up for or to have another scene about, he had gone off—gone off just on purpose to make them feel it."



OF COURSE HE CHOSE THE HEIRESS, "MONEY TALKS."



BUT MONEY DOESN'T TALK ON A DESERT ISLAND.

THIS is quite in line with his development of a style that is the most complex and subtile of modern writers in English. He is always striving for the shade of a word—as though he were engaged in matching the most delicate color of his thought with a word—and our language was not capable of furnishing it, precisely. Hence the innumerable qualifying clauses which follow every noun that he ventures to use. In his patient endeavor to make you see it through his high-power lenses, he leads you to strain your eyes, and you catch the image faintly through a mist.

BUT, in spite of it all, what a consummate artist he always is! The idea back of "In the Cage" is one to fascinate the artist in psychology. It is to show you the inmost workings of the mind of a young woman who spends her long working day behind the wire screen of a telegraph office, and touches the great world through the telegrams that are passed to her through the bars. This is the only outlet for her fancy—the only field in which her sensitive feminine intuitions can play at will. The situation is pathetic, and it becomes intensely so as the deep refine-

ment of the girl's nature is revealed. It isn't that she is "out of her class"—as the English would say—for she is doing exactly what she is best fitted to do. Her intellectual scope is just up to her position. But there is so much more than mere capability in every clever woman. She must have her chance to play the game of life emotionally. And the Mayfair romance which this girl reads through the bars of her cage is the only chance to play it that her narrow life offers her. With what delicacy and intensity she enters into the romance! What a woman she reveals herself to be—of finer stuff than the heroine of the romance on the other side of the bars!

The working out of this idea is an artistic triumph for Henry James, but one which very few of his readers will enjoy to the uttermost by reason of the super-refinements of his reticulated phrases.

Droch.

## Not Too Late.

"OLD Skinner expressed a desire to be cremated, but I see they buried him."

"Yes, but he may fool them yet."



A FAMOUS AUTHOR.



"NOW, GET AWAY, PROFESSOR, AND STOP YOUR FOOLING."

**WILLIE:** Pa, do you believe in trusts?  
**SLIMSON:** No. I'm not wealthy enough.

**MOTHER:** Tommy, I told you to buy you a cap. Why didn't you?  
**TOMMY:** I didn't have a head that would fit any of them.



FANGEL



**Herbert:** YES, SHE AND I ARE ENGAGED. "TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT," DON'T YOU KNOW.  
 "AND WHICH OF YOU TAKES CARE OF THAT?"

### Strange.

**I**T would be strange, my dearest girl, to see,  
 When I walk unobserved, alone with thee,  
 The tell-tale blush that, mantling o'er thy cheek,  
 Reveals thy heart's response to words I speak.

It would be strange if anything I said  
 Could paint thy cheek with hue of living red  
 That could be seen. Not that  
 Each whispered word  
 Would not stir up emotion  
 Soon as heard,  
 But that no tell-tale blush  
 Could hope to break  
 Through that bright carmine  
 Coat of thine own make!

### The Inroad of War on Literature.

**M**AGAZINE EDITOR  
*(coming in in the morning, to office boy):* Anyone waiting?

"Yes, sir; four admirals in your office, and six brigadier-generals in Mr. Burjoice's room, and some more military gentlemen outside, sir. I kept 'em separate, as you said, sir."



LEST WE FORGET.

### A Strong Attachment.

**I**MARRIED for money," said the gloomy man.

"Wasn't there a woman attached to it?" asked the cynic.

"Of course there was," with increased gloom; "so much attached to it that she has never parted with a cent."



### The Martyr.

GRIM, suffering Failure met Success,  
And, when they were alone,  
Said Failure, with a fond caress,  
"Dear one, how thou hast grown!  
But thou must tarry not. Farewell!  
Deserted let me be.  
I am content alone to dwell  
Since I gave birth to thee."

### Life's Exchange Column.

IF Advertisements inserted under this head must be received not later than 3 a.m. Mondays, and be accompanied by the cash.

WOULD LIKE TO EXCHANGE one Bull-headed and Asinine Young Man, together with an assorted lot of uniforms and costumes, for a Sensible Ruler. Address GERMAN PEOPLE, German Empire, Europe.

THREE MILLION DOLLARS (and one daughter) for foreign title. Address MRS. PUSHING PACKER, Stock Yards, Kansas City, Mo.

WOULD EXCHANGE one Incompetent Secretary of War for a Second Term. W. McK., White House, Washington, D. C.

POLITICAL MACHINE, slightly damaged, for a Roosevelt Exterminator. Address EASY BOSS, care of U. S. Express Co., N. Y. City.

THREE THEATRE HATS for one Rainy Day Skirt. Address SENSIBLE WOMAN, care of LIFE.

WILL EXCHANGE One Edition de Luxe of Robert Browning's Poems for a Matrimonial Opportunity. Address SWEET FORTY-TWO, Beacon Street, Boston.

FINE RAILROAD POSITION for Job as U. S. Senator. Address C. M. DEP., Grand Central Station, N. Y. City.

DIAMOND NECKLACE and Brooch, Large Sunburst, for Unsmirched Reputation. SOCIETY LADY, Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

ONE W. J. BRYAN for a Man of Sense and Brains. DEMOCRATIC PARTY, United States of America.

### Here's Richness.

THE New York Times, which now has no superior as a vehicle of information about the personal concerns of our gentry, tells us that the tapestries on the parlor walls of Mr. William C. Whitney's new house on Fifth Avenue cost a million dollars, and that the faucets in his best bathtub are of gold. It is recalled that in the flush times of the New York Journal, when its owner was more prodigal in his disbursements than at present, it was told that the cockroaches in the Journal office got seven dollars a week. What salaries the croton bugs in Mr. Whitney's new bathroom get is a detail for the imagination to brood over, but they must all be diamond-

backs, and of the purest breed.

It may excite envy in some ill-conditioned minds to read of million-dollar hangings and golden faucets, but persons whose livers are right should find considerable solace in such reports. It should help to breed contentment to know that, after all, there is a limit to the comfort that money can buy, and that after that limit is reached and one begins on the frills, there is no money's-worth obtainable. To be able to get along in comfort without



CALVINISM.

"WHY CARRY YOUR GUN? IF YOUR TIME HAS COME YOU'LL BE KILLED."  
"TRUE; BUT MAYBE THE INDIAN'S TIME HAS COME."

a million dollars' worth of something is like rubbing elbows with affluence.

So as to the golden faucets. We can spare those, too, without a whimper. Mr. Whitney is welcome to them (if he really has any, which LIFE doubts), provided he will continue to do his best to expedite travel on the surface of Manhattan Island, and will give us seats in his cars and plenty of transfers. We are proud to think that the nickels we drop in his respected hat enable him to bloom at home in a fashion so delirious.



Mrs. Noah: THAT'S ONE OF THOSE NEW HAIR ANIMALS THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT.



RAILROAD TERM.  
"THE WESTERN FLYER."

### The World's Progress.



MRS. THEODORE PUSHAN STYCK ate three eggs for breakfast yesterday. She says she never did it before. Her ballroom is Louis XV. throughout. Her mother was a Lieven Pursent.

Mrs. Pushan Styck is shocked at the number of common—that is, rather ordinary—people who are prominent in fashionable society.

Mr. and Mrs. Boodleter Byrne dined out every night last week. She has always been an ornament to society and is a very clever woman. A great-uncle of hers on the mother's side came near writing a book. Miss Fussie Byrne is also very clever. She can talk right through an opera.

Miss Kissie Muchinprint was walking on the avenue with Plantaganet Doubletces the other day when it began to rain. Plantaganet put up his umbrella and protected Miss Kissie's hat, but his new overcoat got a sprinkling. The tailor says, however, that the injury is not serious.

The Bytoff-Mores are to give a ball in February.

Mrs. Tellyng Manners will give a theatre party next Friday. It will be composed of young people of her daughter's age. There will be twelve altogether, and it is confidently expected that, with their partially suppressed chatter, no one in that vicinity will be able to hear much of the play.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Mortgage Bond gave a charming dinner of twenty covers on Thursday last. Everything was in exquisite taste. There was nothing inexpensive on the table. And as for the jewels on the guests, why, they made you blink. Of course there was conversation. While the conversation, in quality, was not up to the lace of the table-cloth, it filled the gaps. Mrs. Bond was a Philadelphia Griddle.



COONTOWN SKETCHES.

"LOOK A YEAH, MISTAH LUCAS, WHEN YOU DISTENDED DE INVITE FO' ME TER GO COASTIN' WID YO,' DID YO' RECKON ON DE FAC' DAT YO' SLE' AN' MY 'CUMBERANCE AIN'T CONTEMPORANEUS?"

### A Glut and a Shortage.



IT is submitted that the supply of poems celebrating the fraternization of J. Bull and Brother Jonathan has already exceeded present needs, and that literary establishments still running on this line of goods should reduce their output at once. A timely topic on which our bards

could employ their faculties to advantage is the welcome of our military representatives in the far East by the rescued Filipinos. Here we are carrying liberty to the oppressed and providing good government for the victims of Spanish tyranny, and not a lyre resounds. It ought not to be left to General Otis to make his own music. Tune up, gentlemen, and let the glad strains smite the resounding dome.



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THE EDUCATION C

XX.

MR. PIPP'S LUCK HAS CHANGED. AT MON





EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.

XX.

CHANGED. AT MONTE CARLO HE BREAKS THE BANK.



### Two Ladies Who Should Know Better.

THE authors of "Rosemary," in attempting to provide a vehicle for Miss Olga Nethersole's abilities, have gone to the antipodes of their early success. "The Termagant" is called by them a poetic drama. The word poetic is doubt-

less meant to apply to the theme, for there is little poetry of form or sentiment in the lines of the piece. They certainly do not scan, and as for the diction, it was poetic only in that it was stilted.

The scene is in Spain; the time, the year after Columbus's first trip in the interests of Spain's policy of expansion. As a result of that voyage we have inherited Spain's policy with some of her possessions, and "The Termagant" had a chance to be written. Expansion is more or less popular; "The Termagant" never will be. It has a most complicated plot, revolving about a young Spanish princess who lives on her ancestral estates with a priest for a chaperon, and who surrounds herself with a cheerful company of soubrettes and troubadours. These stand in awe of the remarkable temper which gives the title to the play. Incidental to the plot are introduced a faithless wife who makes trouble, a very bad villain who is looking for trouble, a melodramatic poisoned ring which is talked about all through the play, but only gets in its deadly work at the end of the last act, and a hero with a figure and constitution which enable him to furnish a substantial target for Miss Nethersole's kisses. All these are twisted and tangled up into a story of misfit love, which keeps the spectator involved in a hopeless guessing match as to what relation the various incidents bear to each other. In writing the play, the authors were evidently strongly influenced by both "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Much Ado About Nothing," but not so strongly influenced as to reproduce the good features of either *Katherine*, *Beatrice*, *Benedict* or *Petruchio*. The redeeming element of the play is its slight thread of humor, voiced principally in the Wellerisms of the hero's servant. "You are in error, as the devil told the lady when he informed her that she was not in heaven," is better than the average example of his replies.

When Miss Nethersole first came to America LIFE thought it discerned in her the making of a great actress. She has preferred to go in for the yellow journalism of the stage, and the result is that she negatives qualities which should have put her into the first rank of serious artists. She has method, presence and magnetism. These she sees fit to subordinate to mannerisms and affectations intended to appeal to conscience only knows what sort of intelligences. At times her voice takes on the babyish whine of a tired child; at others she affects a choppiness of pronunciation found in the dialect of some race of English-speakers foreign to our shores.

In the play under discussion she assumes the part of a character so thoroughly fictitious that, played most literally, it would be difficult to understand. Add to this conception of the authors Miss Nethersole's own weird plans of interpretation, and we have a combination such as the mind despairs of, and not even fancy can approach. Holding the mirror up to nature seems outside of her conception of the art of acting. She seems to be seeking the notoriety that comes from freakiness, and in the part of *Beatriz* carries



It hurts one's self respect, but then —,  
One likes to be with famous Men;  
For when one's Fellows see one thus  
They say: "He's getting on—the Culs."  
A Millionaire, and famous too,  
Is James Augustus Pettigrew. . . .  
I never am so happy as  
When I am seen to be with Jas.

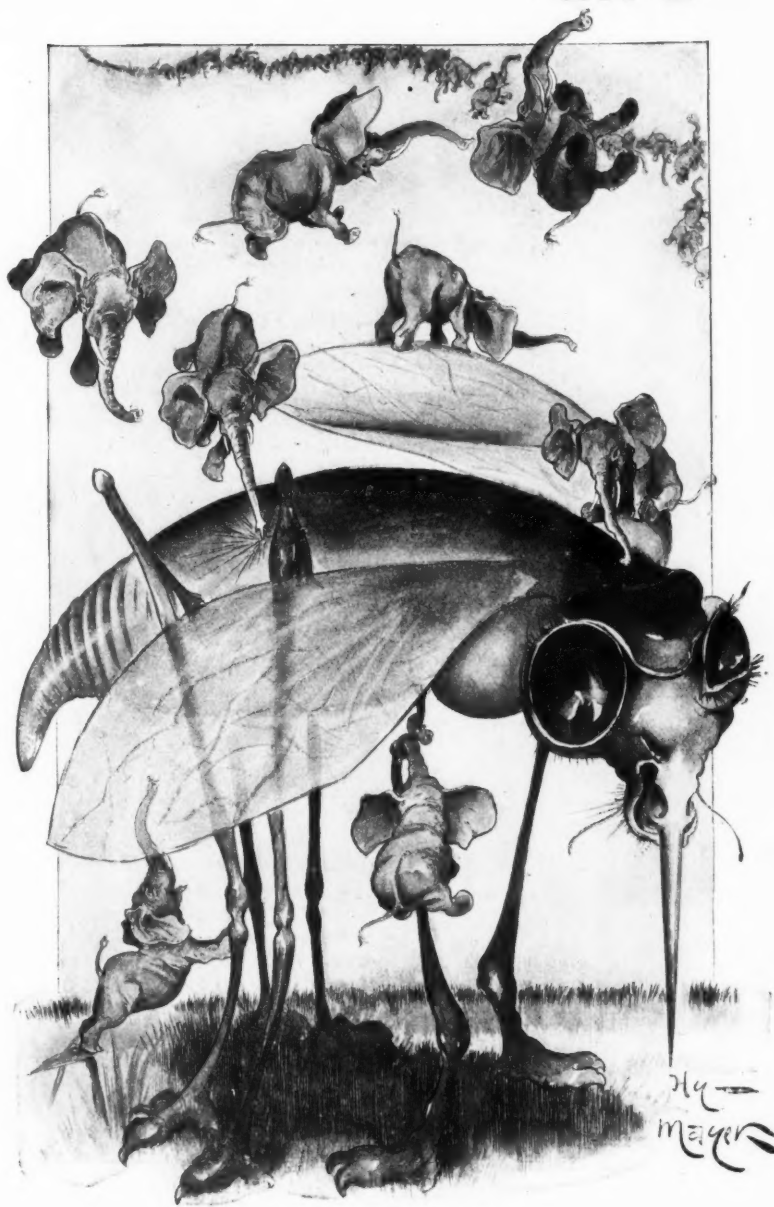


R & G

this tendency at times almost to the point of repulsiveness. It seems pitiful that she should waste her gifts and opportunities in work of this character when the stage needs from its big people all the aid they can give it to save it from the demoralization to which it is constantly exposed. In her support, which is fairly competent, the *Roderigo* of Mr. Hamilton Revelle stood out as a very good performance. He is an actor of good looks and presence, and delivered his lines with as much intelligence as they deserved.

The mounting of "The Termagant" was elaborate, but the lighting effects gave another illustration of the fact that electricity is not altogether an artistic blessing to the stage. The combinations of color made easily possible by its use are leading our stage mechanics to the production of atmospheric changes such as never were seen, even in the native lair of the aurora borealis.

W HY doesn't Miss Ada Rehan let her understudy take her parts on the occasion of important first productions? Her artistic reputation would be enhanced thereby. A nervousness, or something else, with which the public and the writers who represent the public at first performances have nothing to do, almost invariably mars her work at such times. It seems unjust to judge her by these efforts, but they must necessarily be taken as the basis of criticism. Her impersonation of *Madame Sans Gêne* as presented at the first performance of that play at Daly's Theatre is a case in point, and was distinctly disappointing to those who know her powers and her apparent fitness for the part. Her failure to score a pronounced success must be attributed



JUST REVERSING THINGS.

to something besides incapacity, and makes our query a reasonable one. Only once—in the scene with the dancing-master and trades-people—did she realize what had been expected of her. In the other scenes she failed to equal the standard created by even the least eminent of her predecessors. In no particular was the production a remarkable one, although its mediocrity was bright-

ened by Mr. Gresham's excellent *Fouché* and Miss Cargill's *Queen of Naples*.

Mr. Daly deserves well at the hands of all those who care for the best interests of the stage, but why at this late date he should produce "*Madame Sans Gêne*," unless he was sure that it was to be better mounted and better acted than it had been before, is difficult to understand.

Metcalfe.

Joy.

A CERTAIN effect in my lady's gown  
Is what I love to see,  
But I know that's style  
That costs a pile,  
And I'm glad, meanwhile,  
She doesn't belong to me.

THE USUAL COURSE.





## A Matter of Dispute.



"TO put it moildly," said Private O'Leary, as he gently stroked the bandage on his wounded arm, "there was cert'inly a sloight matther av dishpute betwixt us. Ut arose over a diff'rence av opinyin regardin' th' merits av th' ar'r'my mule. Layton loos'n'd me jaw, Oi blacked his oies, an' both of us wor leckshured by th' Kurnel. Th' dishpute was niver sittled for raisons over which, as th' sayin' goes, we had no conthrol.

"Th' regimint, as ye know, was at San Juan, an' tuk par'r't in th' famous char'r'ge. Layton was me roight-hand man an' Dawes me lift. Pravius to th' char'r'ge th' regimint stud at aise, or as aisy as we cud, whole th' Spanyids wor practisin' shor'r't range shootin' at us. Natur'ly we didn't loike ut, so we done th' nixt best thing—we put up

wid ut. For th' want av somethin' betther to do, Layton an' mesilf reshumed th' argymint—wid our tongues, av coorse—he maintainin' thot th' ar'r'my mule was a delooshon an' a snare; me a holdin' th' opinyin thot thot same crather was a credit to himsilf an' th' War Departmint. In th' midst av our elo-quinse th' wur'r'd came to advance.

"Th' regimint giv' wan would yell av deloight an' swung forward. 'God help th' dagos now,' sez Dawes, an' before he drewed th' nixt breath a piece av a shell tuk th' top av his head away an' scattered his brains over me face. Oi turned deathly sick for a minnit, but kep' me place. Layton laughed in a

way thot made me blud run cowl'd, an' he sez, jerky loike, 'Wan good Yankee—is worth—foive o' yon—scum—an' foive av 'em Oi'll—sind to hell—to kape cumpany—wid Dawes,' an' by me sowl he done ut.

"Oi c'u'dn't begin to tell yez a clear shtory av how we got to th' top an' mixed wid 'em. Ut wos scramble, yell, push, swear an' shweat. Shot an' shell played th' devil in th' ranks, but they c'u'dn't shtop us. Wan more moighty yell, wan more rush, an' we wor backin',

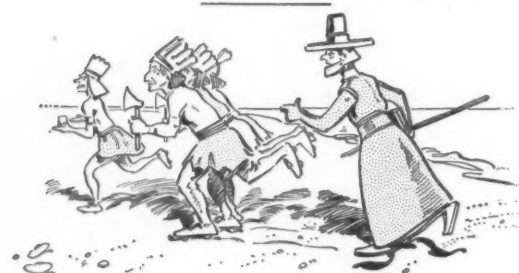
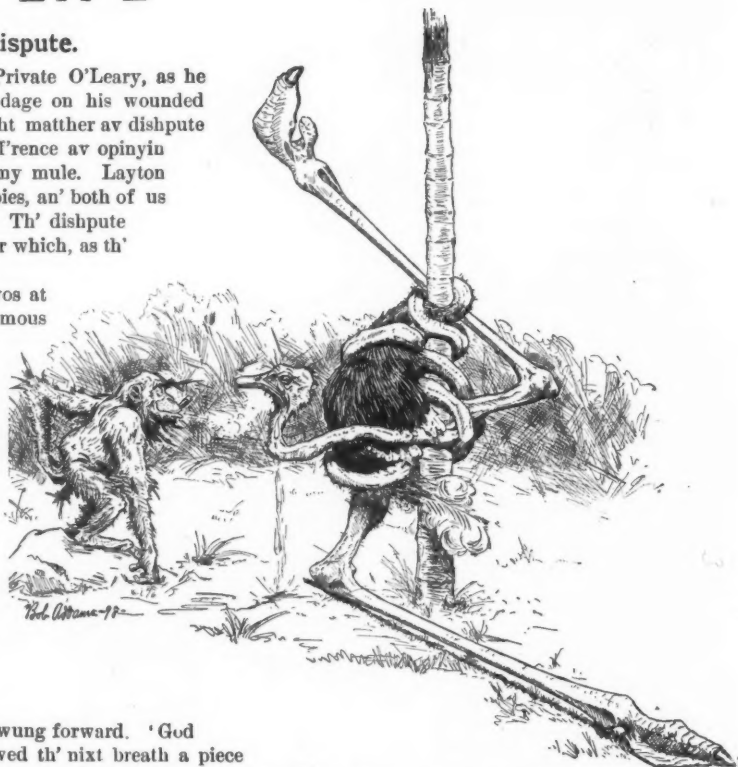
"I'LL BREAK YOUR FACE IF YOU EVER TRY TO TEACH ME TO CLIMB A TREE AGAIN."

shtabbin', shootin', clubbin' an' kickin' th' Spanyids on th' hill.

"Suddenly Oi wint down wid a cracked shinbone, a smashed ar'r'm, an' a Spanyid preparin' to spit me on his bay'nit. Oi luk'd at him, wonderin' where he'd shtroike. Thin above th' shrakes an' groans av th' wounded an' th' din av th' foightin' Oi hear'r'd a voice Oi knew well cry 'foive,' an' th' Spanyid fell beside me wid Layton's bay'nit shtickin' in his breast. Thin Oi fainted.

"Whin Oi opin'd me oies agin, Layton was sittin' close by wid his back leanin' aginst a dead Spanyid. He wos shmokin' a poipe, an' there wos a cruel hole in his side. 'Hello!' sez he. 'Oi tawt yez was a goner.'

"'Not yit,' Oi sez, 'thanks to yersilf.'



"'Kape your thanks, ye woid Oirishman,' sez he, an' the poipe fell frum his mouth. He wos too wake to pick ut up, an' Oi c'u'dn't help him.

"'Remimber me to th' Kurnel an' th' bhoys,' he sez.

"Oi luk'd at him quick an' answers, 'Fwat for? Yez'll see 'em yersilf soon.'

"'Yez wor always a thick-headid liar, O'Leary,' he sez slowly, an' wid thot he rolls over and dies."

*William Banks, Jr.*

### A Word in the Czar's Ear.



TOLSTOI



WHAT Russia needs is not so much a policy of universal peace abroad as a little common sense and forbearance at home. The ever-veracious newspapers tell us that Count Tolstoi has been banished on account of his securing a chance for the Dissenters to exchange the despotism of the Czar for the milder government of Canada. This may or

may not be true, but it

would be quite in line with Russian tradition. It is to be hoped that the statement is a canard, for Russia needs enlightenment in quite a few directions, and can't spare intellects, even though they display their development in eccentric ways.

If the Czar were a little more practical ruler, he would let Tolstoi and other thinkers alone, and take some steps towards granting his subjects constitutional rights, instead of crying for the far-away moon of universal disarmament.

MR. MCCARTNEY is not a wonder at street-cleaning, but he is the ablest explainer the city of New York has employed since long before it spread itself. What the good people of New York would like is to see the streets really clean again, and then to have McCartney explain how it happened.

LIFE is credibly informed that Mr. Alger, of Michigan, has been prevailed upon to remain in Mr. McKinley's Cabinet as Secretary of War.



THINGS LEFT OUT OF HISTORY.

THE BUCKING HORSE OF ANCIENT TIMES.

*Sam Ward*  
1898



Jim was "broke." However, he managed to reach Vancouver, and, walking into the headquarters' offices of the Canadian Pacific, said to the manager in charge: "I am Jim Wardner, and I am an old friend of Tom Shaughnessey. Will you please wire him and tell him that I am here broke, and want transportation to Montreal?"

The manager, somewhat impressed with Wardner's peculiar presence and address, telegraphed Mr. Shaughnessey:

"Man named Jim Wardner, who says he is an old friend of yours, wants transportation to Montreal. Shall I give it to him?"

Back came the reply: "Don't let Jim walk."

Wardner at once obtained transportation, and left on the first train for the East. Arriving at Montreal, he called at the general offices of the company to see Mr. Shaughnessey, renew old acquaintance, and thank him for the favor granted. A number of prominent Canadian gentlemen were present when Mr. Wardner entered Mr. Shaughnessey's office with a hearty greeting of his old friend, which was as heartily returned.

"Hello, Tom; so glad to see you and thank you."

"Well, well, Jim, is this really you?" Then, with the real Shaughnessey twinkle of the eye: "How under the heavens did you get here so soon, if you were broke?"

"Why, Tom, thanks to your telegram, 'Don't let Jim walk,' of course I was at once furnished transportation; and here I am."

"Confound those operators!"—with apparent severity. "It is strange they cannot get my messages through correctly!"

"Didn't you telegraph, 'Don't let Jim walk'?" interrupted Wardner.

"Certainly not. My answer was: 'Don't! Let Jim walk!'"—*Anglo-American Magazine.*

Mr. T., a business man, rents desk-room in his office to Mr. B., whence the following story. "Is Mr. B. in?" asked a caller. "No," replied Mr. T., thinking he recognized an unwelcome caller. "Well, I'll wait for him," replied the caller, sitting down. At five o'clock he was still waiting. At five-thirty, still waiting. A few minutes before six Mr. T. closed his desk for the day and prepared to go home. The caller ventured to ask if Mr. B. was likely to return to his office that day. Mr. T. answered: "No; he is in Sacramento, and will be back next Tuesday morning." The caller showed no anger. On the contrary, he smiled. "Don't apologize," he said; "my business was not important, and your office has proved a pleasant lounging place. Fact is," he blandly added, "I suppose I'm coming down with the smallpox, and the doctor told me I must stay indoors and keep warm."

—Argonaut.

An Illinois boy was asked to write an essay on Masonry, and here is what he wrote: "King Solomon was a man who lived so many years in the country that he was the whole push. He was an awfully wise man and one day two women came to him, each holding to the leg of a baby and nearly pulling it in two and each claiming it. And King Solomon wasn't feeling right good and he said: 'Why couldn't the brat have been twins and stopped this bother?' And then he called for his machete and was going to Weyerlize the poor innocent little baby, and give each woman a piece of it, when the real mother of the baby said: 'Stop, Solomon; stay thy hand. Let the old hag have it. If I can't have a whole baby I won't have any.' Then Solomon told her to take the baby and go home and wash its face, for he knew it was hers. He told the other woman to go chase herself. King Solomon built Solomon's temple and was the father of Masons. He had seven hundred wives and three hundred lady friends,

and that's why there are so many Masons in the world. My papa says King Solomon was a warm member and I think he was hot stuff myself. That is all I know about King Solomon."—*The Teller.*

SOME time since we saw an account of how Bismarck, at the time when it was thought Germany wanted to get a foothold in Holland, was entertaining the Dutch Ambassador with a review of the German Army. As one fine body of men marched by, Bismarck said to the Dutch Ambassador, "What do you think of those men?"

"Fine soldiers," said the Ambassador, "but not tall enough."

After another body marched by the same inquiry was put and the same reply made. Then came the regiment of grenadiers, between six and seven feet tall.

"What do you think of those?" asked Bismarck.

"Fine soldiers, but not tall enough," was the reply.

"What does your Excellency mean?" said Bismarck.

"I mean that we can flood Holland eight feet deep," replied the Ambassador.—*News-Letter.*

ADMIRAL SCHLEY recently sat in a box in one of the Philadelphia theatres, and every movement he made was watched by the thousands in the place. If he bowed to an acquaintance, they applauded. If he smiled, they applauded. In fact, the whole evening was an incessant ovation. But Schley's defeat came at the end of the second act. He arose and started to the next box to call on friends, but he had not taken two steps before a deep bass voice from the upper gallery rolled forth: "Let's all go out and take a beer," placing the accent on the "all." The hero collapsed, sank into a chair, and shook with laughter, while the audience shrieked.

—Argonaut.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

## MONTREAL IN WINTER

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OLD POINT COMFORT, RICHMOND  
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Six-Day Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The first of the present series of personally-conducted tours to Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington via the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave New York and Philadelphia on Saturday, January 28.

Tickets, including transportation, meals en route in both directions, transfers of passengers and baggage, hotel accommodations at Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington, and carriage ride about Richmond—in fact, every necessary expense for a period of six days—will be sold at rate of \$34.00 from New York, Brooklyn and Newark; \$32.50 from Trenton; \$31.00 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other stations.

OLD POINT COMFORT ONLY.

Tickets to Old Point Comfort only, including luncheon on going trip, one and three-fourths days' board at that place, and good to return direct by regular trains within six days, will be sold in connection with this tour at rate of \$15.00 from New York; \$13.50 from Trenton; \$12.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to Ticket Agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 759 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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## RUINART

FLORIDA.

Fortnightly Tours via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The midwinter exodus has begun. The discomforts and dangers of our Northern winter are directing attention to the sunny lands of the South.

The first Pennsylvania Railroad tour to Jacksonville, allowing two weeks in Florida, will leave New York and Philadelphia January 24.

Excursion tickets, including railroad transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth), and meals en route in both directions while traveling on the special train, will be sold at the following rates: New York, \$50.00; Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, \$48.00; Pittsburgh, \$53.00, and at proportionate rates from other points.

For tickets, itineraries, and other information apply to ticket agents, Tourist Agent at 1196 Broadway, New York; or to Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT OF \$150,000.

It is by no means an unusual occurrence for business men to celebrate the festive Christmas season by presenting their employees with some appropriate gift at that time, but it is seldom that this recognition assumes such a practical and beneficial shape as it did in the step taken by the Chicago mail order house of Montgomery Ward & Co.

This firm, appreciating the value of life insurance, presented to about one hundred and fifty of its married employees, who had been in their service for two years or more, as a Christmas gift, a life insurance policy of \$1,000 each, in the Prudential Insurance Company of America, whose Home Office is at Newark, N. J.

The firm considered various policies and selected those issued by The Prudential as the best they could find in the market for the purpose desired. The first year's premium on each policy was paid in full by the firm.

This manner of gift from employer to employee is so rare that Montgomery Ward & Co. are entitled to credit for this evidence of their practical philanthropy, and the officers of The Prudential are congratulating themselves upon adding another triumph to the long list of successes which have made up the Company's history.

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THE HURRICANE AND THE DEPUTY.

—Polichinelle.



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CONDITION, POUR  
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Mrs. LECTURE (as her husband comes home at 2 a.m., slightly under the influence): So you're home at last, are you? You—you—old, big, round, double-hooped, open-topped barrel. Oh—hi!

Mr. LECTURE (who sees three or four wives): Thash pretty good. Whash the resh 'v'em got t' say?—Wasp.

#### POINTS ABOUT TELEPHONE SERVICE.

Telephone subscribers in New York have the use of the best equipped telephone system in the world. Every station has a long distance telephone set and is connected to the Central Office by a direct metallic circuit underground line. The rates vary with the amount of use. In private residences and stables the use of the service is not great, and consequently the cost is small, but the convenience is immeasurable. The telephone service puts the whole organization of a great city at your fingers' ends, day and night.

WHEN the much-embraced Hobson was standing at the foot of the Francis Keys monument, receiving the adoration of the throng, an ancient lady with a countenance suggesting an animated tomahawk, pressed forward to shake the hand that shook the battery that exploded the *Merrimac*. Just at that moment a gust of wind caught Hobson's hat, and in order to retain this possession, the naval constructor lurched forward. His movement was entirely misunderstood, and the old lady, who plainly was *hot polloi*, repulsed his supposed advances with fine scorn.

"Don't ye try to kiss me, ye—ye coxcomb," she said, threateningly, to the amazed Hobson, "or I'll swat ye!"

Since then Hobson is said to have opened a little account in his private ledger, headed "Unkissed Kisses."

—News-Letter.

Tourists pronounce the "Thorndike," opposite the Public Gardens, Boston, a most comfortable and thoroughly equipped hotel.

PAPA: See the spider, my boy, spinning his web. Is it not wonderful? Do you reflect that, try as he may, no man could spin that web?

JOHNNY: What of it? See me spin this top. Do you reflect that, try as he may, no spider could spin this top?

—Stray Stories.

#### HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent or transient guests.

BOSTON BILL: Please, mum, kin you gimme somethin' to eat—just the meat the dog left will do.

Mrs. MANGLES: We haven't any dog.

"Oh, you ain't? Den you git to work an' cook me a plate o' ham an' eggs an' a cup o' coffee, 'fore I kick ye in the jor."

—Indianapolis Journal.

#### MODERN CIVILIZATION.

It is observed that nature's supply of food for infants is lacking in the higher civilization; but the deficiency is perfectly supplied by the use of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

A UNITED STATES marshal relates that he was once ordered to go after an Indian who was selling whiskey to his dusky friends. After he captured the warrior, he gave him a long lecture on the depravity of his conduct. After listening stolidly, the half-breed said: "Ain't dere no way I can get helped outer this?"

"No one can help you now but God," his captor answered.

The prisoner shook his head sadly, in a hopeless manner, as he muttered: "Well, God be good deal like Uncle Sam. Injun never see him."—Argonaut.

#### THE FLORIDA SEASON.

There is every indication that Florida and the South will have, this year, the greatest number of visitors in their history.

The Southern Railway service will be maintained at the same high standard which has made it so popular. It now operates two through trains daily between New York and Jacksonville and other Florida points, and on January 16th a third train, the "New York and Florida Limited," will go into service. This train is typical of the highest luxury in travel. It is composed of magnificently furnished compartments, drawing-room, sleeping, dining, café and observation cars, and will leave New York daily, except Sunday, at 11.50 a.m., arriving at St. Augustine at 2.20 the next day. Each of these trains afford excellent service to Brunswick and Jekyll Island by connection at Everett, Ga., also through Pullman drawing-room cars to Aiken, affording excellent facilities for Augusta. Reservations, literature, etc., may be had of A. S. Thweatt, E. P. A., Southern Railway, 271 Broadway.



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He tries to speak, and his lips refuse to say the toast he would utter.

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FIFTY-FOURTH ANNUAL STATEMENT.

# New York Life Insurance Company,

Nos. 346 & 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

JOHN A. McCALL, = = = = President.

BALANCE SHEET, JANUARY 1, 1899.

## ASSETS.

United States, State, City, County and other Bonds (cost value \$115,687,034), market value, Dec. 31, '98	\$121,579,619
Bonds and Mortgages (777 first liens).....	39,002,758
Real Estate (68 pieces, including twelve office buildings)	16,539,000
Deposits in Trust Companies and Banks, at interest....	8,434,786
Loans to Policy-holders on their policies as security (legal value thereof, \$16,000,000).....	9,818,600
Loans on Stocks and Bonds (market value \$9,229,702)...	7,390,845
Stocks of Banks, Trust Companies, &c. (\$4,532,086 cost value), market value, Dec. 31, 1898.....	6,050,831
Premiums in transit, reserve charged in Liabilities....	2,280,188
Quarterly and Semi-Annual Premiums not yet due, reserve charged in Liabilities.....	2,087,274
Interest and Rents due and accrued.....	1,440,487
Premium Notes on policies in force (legal value of policies, \$2,500,000).....	1,320,423

**Total Assets.....\$215,944,811**

## LIABILITIES.

Policy Reserve (per certificate of New York Insurance Department).....	\$175,710,249
All other Liabilities: Policy Claims, Annuities, Endowments, &c., awaiting presentment for payment.....	2,358,383—\$178,068,632
Additional Policy Reserve voluntarily set aside by the Company.....	2,838,626
Surplus Reserve Funds voluntarily set aside by the Company.....	26,414,234
Other Funds for all other contingencies	8,623,319— 37,876,179

**Total Liabilities.....\$215,944,811**

## CASH INCOME, 1898.

New Premiums.....	\$7,644,715
Renewal Premiums.....	27,987,933
<b>TOTAL PREMIUMS.....</b>	<b>\$35,632,648</b>
Interest on:	
Bonds.....	\$5,740,819
Mortgages.....	1,940,937
Loans to Policy-holders, secured by reserves on policies.....	628,638
Other securities.....	391,353
Rents received.....	875,741
Dividends on Stocks.....	221,780

**TOTAL, INTEREST, RENTS, &c..... 9,799,268**

**Total Income.....\$45,431,916**

## EXPENDITURES, 1898.

Paid for Losses, Endowments and Annuities.....	\$15,390,978
Paid for Dividends and Surrender values.....	6,128,888
Commissions (\$3,320,904.33) on New Business of \$152,093,369; Medical Examiners' Fees, and Inspection of Risks (\$449,428).....	3,770,332
Home and Branch Office Expenses, Taxes, Advertising, Equipment Account, Telegraph, Postage, Commissions on \$791,927,751 of Old Business and Miscellaneous Expenditures.....	5,208,754
Balance—Excess of Income over Expenditures for year	14,932,964

**Total Expenditures.....\$45,431,916**

## INSURANCE ACCOUNT,

ON THE BASIS OF PAID-FOR BUSINESS ONLY.

	Number of Policies.	Amount.
In Force, December 31, 1897.....	332,958	\$877,020,925
New Insurance Paid-for, 1898.....	73,471	152,093,369
Old Insurances revived and increased, 1898.....	835	2,129,688
<b>Total Paid-For Business.....</b>	<b>407,264</b>	<b>\$1,031,243,982</b>
<b>DEDUCT TERMINATIONS:</b>		
By Death, Maturity, Surrender, Expiry, &c.....	33,330	87,222,862
Paid-for Business in Force, Dec. 31, 1898.....	373,934	\$944,021,120
Gain in 1898.....	40,976	\$67,000,195
New Applications Declined in 1898..	6,142	15,986,836

## COMPARISON FOR SEVEN YEARS.

(1891-1898.)

	Dec. 31, 1891.	Dec. 31, 1898.	Gain in Seven Years
<b>Assets.....</b>	<b>\$125,947,290</b>	<b>\$215,944,811</b>	<b>\$89,997,521</b>
<b>Income.....</b>	<b>31,854,194</b>	<b>45,431,917</b>	<b>13,577,723</b>
<b>Dividends of Year to Policy-Holders.....</b>	<b>1,260,340</b>	<b>2,759,432</b>	<b>1,499,092</b>
<b>Total Payments of Year to Policy-Holders.....</b>	<b>12,671,491</b>	<b>21,519,865</b>	<b>8,848,374</b>
<b>Number of Policies in Force.....</b>	<b>182,803</b>	<b>373,934</b>	<b>191,131</b>
<b>Insurance in Force, premiums paid.....</b>	<b>\$575,689,649</b>	<b>\$944,021,120</b>	<b>\$368,331,471</b>

## Certificate of Superintendent of State of New York Insurance Department.

Albany, January 6, 1899.

I, LOUIS F. PAYN, Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York, do hereby certify that the NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of the City of New York, in the State of New York, is duly authorized to transact the business of Life Insurance in this State.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that, in accordance with the provisions of Section Eighty-four of the Insurance Law of the State of New York, I have caused the policy obligations of the said Company, outstanding on the 31st day of December, 1898, to be valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality, at four per cent. interest, and I certify the same to be \$175,710,249.

I further certify that the admitted assets are \$215,944,811.

The general liabilities \$2,358,383. The net policy reserve, as calculated by this Department, \$175,710,249, making the total liabilities per State laws, \$178,068,632.

The additional policy reserve voluntarily set aside by the Company, \$2,838,626.

The surplus reserved funds voluntarily set aside by the Company, \$26,414,234.

Other funds for all other contingencies, \$8,623,319.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused my official seal to be affixed at the City of Albany, the day and year first above written.

LOUIS F. PAYN, Superintendent of Insurance.